

151. WH Lewis was known as Willie. (See the Lewis Book).
152. Jennie Dominy modeled for the Fairbury Bank. The waist decorations and the "Beach and Dominy" were in ten dollar gold pieces. The ones around the bottom were twenty-dollar ones. It gave the girls in that crowd the utmost satisfaction that the First National Bank had only new pennies for their costume.
153. Grace Sharp was the daughter of "Uncle Davie Sharp and she was my beloved science and history teacher in High School. She was quite tiny in stature but completely fearless and maintained strict discipline. Her tombstone in Graceland Cemetery reads: "Your Friend, Grace Sharp."
154. The old city fire bell had a tone that just raised the hair on you head.
155. Myrtle Stafford married a Houghton of Gilman. His parents had run the meat market here in Fairbury, where she first met him, and they had gone to Gilman. She went to Gilman to visit someone else. He was engaged to another Gilman girl, but Myrtle conducted a whirlwind campaign and they were married in just a short time. All three sang in the church choir, and soon he was taking the other girl home from practice. Finally, after a couple of years of married life, Myrtle went home for a little visit, and he packed up her clothes and sent them home to her, saying that he was through. There was a divorce, procured secretly, and Myrtle, herself, announced publicly the fact that he had retaken her maiden name. It was at Eastern Star, and Grandmother James was Worthy Matron and was presiding. She happened to address Myrtle as Mrs. Houghton. Myrtle rose and firmly told the audience that she was henceforth to be called Miss Stafford. It caused Grandmother intense embarrassment. Myrtle and her sister Acca warned the local paper that they were never, on any account, to publish anything about either of them. Myrtle taught school, first in the country, then the town grades, and finally became assistant principal of the Township High School, which she retained until she became mentally incapacitated from a stroke.
156. Pidge Wilson was engaged to Jessie Dominy Powell at the time he died.
157. Grace Stilwell Duckett was one of my dearest friends and became Grandmother Lewis's first companion.
158. Maude S was a very noted racing mare.
159. "Sherbert" was the famous Bartlett and Taylor trotting stud. There was the most intense rivalry around town to beat him.
160. Mr. Beers, our postman, is no relation to the old grocer.
161. Coentha O'Brien was Austin Harrington's niece. She became a policewoman.
162. Wren McDowell was the son of Grant McDowell and his wife, Jennie Dominy, and the brother of Marion McDowell. He was named Lorenzo for his grandfather Ren Dominy and great grandfather, Dr. Lorenzo Beach.

163. Alex Milne was Joan and Jackie Milne's grandfather.
164. The old settlers were very closely knit together, and had affection for each other that this generation cannot understand. There were so few of them, and births, sickness, deaths, the shared work of everyday life and hunger and danger made a friendship that "passeth understanding".
165. The cemetery fence mentioned is the one around the Mausoleum enclosure. Sarah and Chloe Beach were buried there at the time.
166. Ren Dominy was one of a church team of four who used to go and bathe and dress the male dead and laid them out for burial. (Women did the service for other women) He helped lay out Mr. Coomer. Mr. Coomer was addicted to sitting on his front fence. It was made of boards and had a flat board on top that was considerably curved where he was accustomed to sitting with his bare feet. (If this all doesn't make sense, blame it on Butch and Phoebe). He was an enormous man, very tall and weighing close to three hundred pounds. His wife was a tiny woman. The men worked in the little bedroom, of course, and after they got him dressed, they folded his hands across that mighty stomach. One of the other men bent down to pick up something from the floor, when Coomer's hand slipped off right in front of the man's nose and nearly startled the wits out of him. When they came to move him out into the living room, they discovered that the door was too small to get him through. He must have been accustomed to go through it sideways. Then they tried to get him through the window, and that, too, was too little. And the only way they could get him out of that bedroom was to stand him up and PUSH him through.
167. For many years Bloomington was the post office for Central Illinois. The town contained only one little long store that was kept in combination with the post office. The postage on a letter was twenty-five cents, a great sum in those days, and, in consequence, mail sometimes lay in the office a considerable length of time before it could be paid for. Avoca, later was the only post office in all the countryside. It was where the village of Avoca was afterwards located, and was on the route between Danville and Ottawa. This continued until 1864 when it was suspended because of the Civil War. Before the railroads, the post offices were established in the home of one settler in each Township. There were two principal routes. The first was from Danville to Ottawa, and the second was from Danville to Bloomington. The carriers received very little money for their services, and each Post-boy had a fleet horse and a shrill horn. Pontiac and Oliver's Grove also had post offices.
168. Town crossings on Main Street: In the middle blocks there were two crossings, but at the others there was only one. There was none at the Dresser corner. The wagons just went over the same blocks and jarred the mud out of their wheels. Lots of times the chunks weighed seven or eight pounds. Lafe Kring was Commissioner at one time, and you almost never saw him without a shovel across his shoulder. Empty wagons with four horses had all they could do to get through the mud on Main Street. The wheels of vehicles would cake into solid discs of mud.
169. Filley, Dominy and Virgin soaked their buggy wheels in the creek. The deep hole by the stone quarry bridge. It always scared the girls to death.

170. Fannie DuBois and Thomas Schouler were Francis Schouler's grandparents.
171. The Kring Foundry was where Phelps had his garage. A block east of the African Methodist Church. Lafe Kring lived in the Pratt house, corner of Hickory and Fifth Streets for fifty years. Logan's grandfather lived in the "old house". John had an old maid sister who lived with them, and he was her illegitimate son.
172. Nearly everybody had lightning rods, and when it stormed they ran out with buckets of water to wet the dirt around the ground wires.
173. There were hitching racks on both sides of Main Street, but more particularly in front of the stores.

The Shooting of Al Sutton

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174. Loy Ramsey was going steady with Jessie Dominy. For some reason they had a tiff and Al Sutton took her home from a party. Harry Cook, to vindicate his best pal's honor, shot Al in the leg. The Dominy girls heard the shot, but were afraid to go and tell their father, so they just laid there and trembled all night. The next morning excitement was rampant. Al was working for Walton Bros. and they telegraphed to Chicago for a Pinkerton Detective. For some reason, Johnny McDowell was blamed for the business, but it wasn't known that this time he had an alibi. He had been with Grandmother James at a taffy pull. Her father didn't allow her to go with Johnny, so she met him on the corner. It was alright for him to take her as far as the gate when he brought her home, because it was dark by then. Grandmother had her mind all made up to go into court to clear Johnny, when the detective found out who really did it. Al Sutton had rooms over Walton's Store with four other boys. Joe Graff was one of the boys that Al roomed with and they ate at Moberly's restaurant on the corner. Grandmother and Lizzie Dominy called on the invalid together. It was at the height of the crazy quilt mania, and as the girls were leaving, they saw the boy's tie racks and whacked the ends off of everyone of the ties. Loy Ramsey was the nephew of Hi Ramsey. He lived over on the South side back of JE Lewis's. He went with Lizzie Dominy and Grandmother James's crowd. He died young. Bert Baker was another boy in that crowd.

Avoca Methodist Church

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175. Until the churches in Fairbury were built in 1858, the nearest one was at Avoca. It had been founded by the McDowell family, and it was called the Pioneer Methodist Church. Early in its history it became famous through all the countryside, for it was the scene of a Revival service where the whole congregation got the jerks.

The burying ground was in the churchyard on the side towards the river and to the rear of the building. The church was torn down a number of years ago, because of the dwindling congregation, leaving only the L-shaped cemetery.

As long as the James McDowell family lived on their farm at Avoca, each Sunday morning at the close of the preaching service, the minister read an invitation from the family to the entire congregation to come and have dinner with them. The McDowell girls and their mother spent the whole of their Saturdays baking bread and cakes and pies, and doing all the other cooking, since, of course, nothing like that could be done on Sunday, for the Sabbath must be kept holy. Often there would be sixty or a hundred people in the congregation. Some of them had driven in wagons from five miles south where Fairbury would be located. All through the early churches, this pleasant custom of inviting the minister and some friend's home to Sunday dinner was observed, though never with the same open armed hospitality of the James Churchill's.

The town of Avoca was founded in by the family of William McDowell. There was a general store there, with a post office, and they had a church and a tile factory, and some houses. Woodford McDowell was a lawyer and Justice of the peace, and, as such, he performed the first wedding in that part of the country.

When the new railroad missed Avoca by five miles and the new city of Fairbury was designated, it meant the death of the farmer hamlet. A few enthusiastic citizens moved their houses even before the railroad reached Fairbury. The store buildings were moved by Judge McDowell to the town of McDowell on the Wabash railroad which he founded.

176. Grandmother Wray was the great grandmother of Olive Filley. She came from Virginia to Illinois by way of Indiana.
177. Among the Episcopalians were Al Sutton and his wife, the Stackpoles and the Cramers. The Catholic Church was on West Hickory Street by Porters. The Porter house was the Rectory. The old Methodist was where the parsonage is, and the parsonage was on the corner. The house across from Birch's was the old parsonage.
178. Cinque or "Cinch" was a card game that was all the rage here before they took up Auction Bridge.
179. John Virgin was just a good natured farmer boy, who had made good in a bog way, but Mrs. Virgin had other ideas, and they lived up their money just as fast as he made it, so that when he died they had only a few acres of land. The last few years of Virgin's life were not at all happy. His wife fell on the ice and broke her hip. She was an invalid for some time, and took up Christian Science. She had nothing to do with her old friends in the Methodist Church, and John, who thoroughly enjoyed the social life of the church,

missed his old friends sorely. She had a very elaborate boudoir, and spent most of her time there, turning the rest of the house over to the girls. She was also sometimes guilty of trying to high hat her friends and neighbors, and the Filleys enjoyed "taking her down a notch".

The Virgin's had four daughters: Georgia was a year older than Grandmother, and died at twelve or thirteen of diphtheria. Minnie Virgin married Al Cooley. Then there was Alto, and Daisy was the youngest.

John Virgin had a big bus with seats running down each side that held his own family, the Filleys and the Wades. He would hitch a pair of stallions to it and take the crowd on picnics along the river, maybe at Oakdale Farm. They usually stopped and got the Fugates, because Grandmother Fugate was such a good hand at frying fish. The men seined for fish.

180. Schenk's old bakery was the first building west of Wade's Old Drug Store. It is a saloon now. Will Bane bought out Schenk's.
181. The original Marsh, the founder of west Fairbury, had given a square block of land for a city park. Later, when all the family wealth had been lost by law suits, his heirs would have liked very much to regain this piece of land so that they might sell it for building lots. All they needed to do to establish title was to move a house with a family in it on the ground. Percy James was an Alderman and one day when he was riding around on his horse, he happened to pass the Park. The place had a picket fence around it, and a section of this was down. A block or so away, coming up the street being moved, was a house. Mr. James put two and two together and galloped off to get the other members of the Town Council; and, while one of them drove a horse and buggy to Pontiac to get the injunction, Mr. James sat on his horse with his gun in front of him, guarding that gap in the fence. He sat there all day until the papers came from Pontiac.
182. Wade and Merit had a big auction for the lots in their addition.

The Amish

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183. The Amish Church in Fairbury is the largest in the world. They are followers of Amah, a noted German preacher, who made many converts from the original Mennonite body. In the United States there are four denominations of this sect: The Old Amish, New Amish, Eggli, and Stuckay. Their old rules of conduct were very strict. In their homes they were allowed no elaborate furnishings. The walls had to be bare, no figured wall paper or pictures, and no carpets. Rocking chairs were forbidden, and straight backed chairs stood flat against the walls.

Their dress was distinctive. The women dressed always in gray, with tight basque waists and very full skirts with pockets in them. Several petticoats made these skirts stand out. Their hair was worn drawn back as plain and tight as possible into a knot at the nape of the neck, and covered with a heavy net. Their hats were small, perfectly plain "sailors", and they were worn as if they had been put on with a level. No tilting, even of the slightest, was permitted.

The man's suits were dark and baggy, neither men nor women were permitted to use buttons on their clothing, giving rise to the phrase "hook and eye Amish". Their hats were low crowned and wide brimmed. A distinct shape. They were not allowed to wear moustaches or beards in the common mode, but compromised with a goatee exactly like a shaving brush on the end of their chins. No members could have his photograph taken.

Rules of conduct as prescribed by the church were strict. The members were forbidden to lie or cheat in business, or to go to law. Nor could they take oaths or civic offices or bear arms. Property, although in the name of the individuals, is held by the community. If a church member is without money or lands, all must help him "get started". The same help is available in case of disaster. At the same time, idleness on the part of any man, woman or child of the community is sternly prohibited.

The husbands and wives of the members are selected by the church. After the ceremony the couple separated did not see each other for a week. After that they lived together until they died. Any show of affection in public, even to children, was forbidden, and an Amish wife always walked behind her husband.

They married young and raised huge families. A baby a year was the rule. Usually a sister came in for the occasion and did the nursing and housework. Now the deliveries are all made at the local hospital, the new mothers are taken home immediately after the third day. The original Metz family had sixteen children. They were the only pupils at that school, and they took their lunch to school in a lunch basket. The new generation has only a few children, indicating that they are receptive to the idea of birth control.

Each child, as soon as it learned to walk, had its own share of the work to do. The boys stayed on the farm with their father until they were twenty-one when they were expected to marry and take a farm of their own. If their parents had worked hard enough and had been thrifty enough, the boy got his own farm. Otherwise, he got money for stock and machinery.

Because of the large families to help them, the Amish are very desirable as tenants, but while their farms are models of neatness, they dislike being made to put any fertilizer on the land. They are the ones who pulled out all the beautiful hedges through this part of the country because it took the strength from the soil a couple of feet on each side. Wild life or flood control means nothing to them.

It was also significant that many of the boys left their fathers immediately upon coming of age, for in the desire to get all the work possible from them, they could be very cruel. Dr. Langstaff told a story about a sixteen year old Amish boy he was called to attend. Had he been consulted at first, he could have saved the boy, and he told the father so. The man was badly upset. "Ach, all these years I spend money on him, and now when he is getting to be worth something to me he ups and dies on me." The Doctor walked out.

The girls of the family were kept busy helping their mothers. If there were too many girls, or if the money was needed pretty badly they went out to do housework, the only work they were permitted to do outside their own homes. They were very careful about the kind of people their daughters worked for, and to have an Amish maid was a stamp of approval of your morals. As maids they were super-housekeepers. They were demons for cleanliness and their work was organized to the half second. When properly taught, they were splendid cooks. Thursday afternoons off, of course were expected, but you also expected an afternoon off for every Amish funeral, and from two to three weeks off each year for sister's newest baby.

Working as they do, they read almost nothing, except, perhaps, a newspaper, and most of them felt that it was an extravagance. Consequently, their interests are extremely limited, being confined almost completely to local gossip, with the church acting as the clearing house. They gather early on Sunday mornings, a little after nine for preaching. Then comes the bread and coffee at noon in the church rooms, with more preaching in the afternoon.

The church is a large white frame building, severely plain and is very plainly furnished. Until a few years ago there were horse barns around three sides. The Bishops, preachers and elders are chosen by lot, and they are not allowed to accept money for their services, and at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the feet of the participants must be literally washed. In church as well as in their social gatherings, men and women stay on opposite sides.

Their funerals remain distinctive. Attendance is very nearly compulsory and they are held at the church. Before the funeral, while the body lies in state in the home, the mourners remain standing about the casket, the women wearing veils over their heads. No flowers are allowed.

Aside from the grief of the mourners, Amish funerals are very pleasant times devoted to visiting.

Their burial ground is in Graceland Cemetery. No Family plots are allowed. All members are buried in rows, in the order of their death. The tombstones are small and identical, and there are no flowers on the graves.

The coming of the automobile into general use marked a change in the Amish Church. Usually the members are very close-mouthed about what transpires among the members, but the quarrel between the factions was so violent that it became public property.

They had been using "Klondikes", a wooden carriage completely closed in, with glass windows and sliding doors. They were drawn by a team of horses. Some of the more modern members, sensing the comfort and convenience of the automobile, wanted to buy them for themselves, but the old guard insisted that they were the invention of the Devil. The progressives won that battle, and soon any number of Amishmen, chin whiskers and all, were driving around the streets of Fairbury.

And then their young people began slipping from their influence. It wasn't just that their services were conducted in German and the new generation could understand little or nothing of them. They were bored, and, sitting on the back rows, they got squirmy and a little noisy, which brought stern ministerial reproof. Not liking that, either, they took to staying away altogether. A few drifted to other churches. The Kuenzi boys even played instruments in the Methodist Sunday School Band.

As they came in contact with other boys and girls, they wanted to become like them and to go on to High School. In many cases, they would never have been permitted to go beyond the first couple of grades or so if the law did not compel their parents to send them until they were sixteen. A few Amish boys managed to get permission from their parents to go to high school, and then the girls wanted to go. By this time their preacher, Martin Steidinger was really aroused. Evidently he had inherited something from his immigrant ancestor who had married beneath him. (Perhaps that was the reason why he came). He may have married beneath him, but he never, for one moment, allowed his wife to forget it. She was never permitted to sit at the table with her husband and children for meals, but always stood and waited on them. Martin thundered from his pulpit at the young renegades, and then, one morning, he woke to find the front of his house smeared with yellow paint. In the violence of the explosion that followed, the Amish youth won the right to go on to school, and now nearly every family that can afford it sends its children to high school as a matter of course.

Rules for admission to the membership are still rigid, and one of them that is noticeable to outsiders is the requirement that, if the candidate has wronged anyone, he must go make confession and ask forgiveness. The conviction of sin and Eternal Damnation is heavy upon them. They are in tears most of the time.

They are still not allowed to own a mule, as that is against the Bible, but whereas, when we first went to the farm in 1929, and they hid behind the hedges to see how the tractor worked, they now own one, themselves. And, while horseback riding is still considered immoral for women, except to go after the cows, they do permit themselves elaborate and awful-rock gardens. Their houses are still plain except for the lace curtains, and they seem to go the limit on those, preferring the more elaborate patterns. They wash these every few weeks, and invariably try stretching them to dry on the front porch.

Their quilts are the focal point of the life of every Amish woman, and they are really gorgeous and beautiful things. They are constantly piecing them, trying the effect of some new pattern, and when it is ready, they give a very select party for the quilting.

Crocheted and braided rugs are another occupation for the rare moment when they allow themselves to drop into a chair. Every scrap of discarded clothing goes into those, and they thoroughly enjoy standing on their front porches to shake them.

Spotless housewives, they often make their husbands and other male members of their families remove their shoes on a paper outside the door.

Through the years the population of Fairbury and the surrounding country has become increasingly Amish. They are steadily buying up the best farms, and hanging on to them. When the old folks retire they come to Fairbury to be near their church. They buy up the lovely old homes for little or nothing and then spend freely on repairs and paint, with the result that Fairbury has a very well kept appearance. They are worthy solid citizens, but clannish and not overly inclined to help others outside their congregation, nor are they interested in the cultural activities.

Most of them speak English in their homes now, but they are still noticeably German, which fact caused a little flurry here at the beginning of World War II. The grocery delivery boy reported frequent and large meetings at the various houses, and there was strong talk of organizing a vigilance committee to take the proper steps, when it was discovered that they thought that the end of the world was coming and were getting ready for it in a spiritual way.

They do not seem to be able to stand adversity, and there have been a number of Amish men who have hung themselves, that seeming to be their favorite method of leaving this world.

Nick Bach, owner of the local lumberyard, one of the most prominent members of the church, has visited every church of this sect in the world, but that did not prevent him from being "Churched" when he rewarded Bertha Epstein, his office girl's long and faithful service with a lovely wrist watch, at Christmas time. Nick lost his seat in church, and was made to take one in the very back of the church.

184. There is good reason for the solidarity feeling of the Amish, so many of the German boys were so brutally treated by the young town hooligans.

Going To the Mill and To Market

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185. Up to 151 the settlers had to go to Ottawa to get their corn and wheat ground, as it was at the head of the navigation on the Illinois River and therefore a market a market. It took four or five days to make the round trip with the teams, and they went in the summer and again just before the holidays to avoid the rains and mud. Each one making the trip always brought back things for the neighbors, too. Things they always had to get were tobacco, powder and lead, buttons, hooks ad eyes, needles, and thread. The farmers were lucky if they didn't have to wait a day or two for their turn at the mill.

Their wheat was always taken to Chicago, a ten day round trip, where they were glad to get fifty cents a bushel for it. There was not even an Indian trail to Chicago. They just had to go over the open prairie by signs. A farmer rarely made more than two trips a year, and he camped along the way, in their covered wagons and stayed in them on the streets of the town as did hundreds of others who were trading.

They even had to drive their hogs to market. A number of farmers would get together with their hogs and agree to feed them at night by turns, each one in succession going back for a load of corn and hurrying back to the drove. A farmer made one such trip a year and bought with the money he made, the absolute necessities of life, salt being the most important item.

186. Harriet Fogal, grandchild of John Coomer, became one of the first women Directors in Hollywood.
187. Stanley Perlee was a brother of Charley Perlee.
188. Once when Abe Filley was threshing, his clothes got caught in the machinery and the tumbling rod cut off his beard.
189. Grandfather Lewis told how Grandfather Beach walked the floor in worry over the financial crisis, and his proudest boast was that nobody who banked with him ever lost a nickel, a remarkable thing when there were very few banking laws.
190. Miss Howarth was my first grade teacher.
191. Fairbury never had fire protection on the north outskirts until the Township High School was built. For the residences they formed bucket brigades, often a hundred men in a line. The women and children helped, too. Everybody in town turned out for the fires, day or night.
192. Before the Epworth League they had Literary Societies in the Church for the young people of about sixteen years old, and they met at the various houses. They sometimes gave "Dialogues". One particular one was given at Filley's. They used the dining room for a stage, and the kitchen for the dressing room. The parents were packed like sardines in the living room and parlor. Charlie Neitx led the singing, and then they gave their play. Harry Cook was going with Lydia Wade and she had a fervid love scene with Johnny McDowell. During rehearsals Harry would stand on the cellar door and look in the dining room window to see about the kissing, so, during the play proper, Johnny just poured it on.
193. When Dr. Brewer didn't think his patient was sick, but Aunt Phoebe Dominy thought she needed medicine, he gave her bread pills.
194. Description of hose cart: Wheels about five feet high and six feet apart. The pump was on the shaft between the wheels, and the hose was wound around over it. The cart tongue was six feet long with a cross bar at the end. In muddy weather rope would be attached to get it down Main Street, with eight or ten men on the rope. The mud would be six inches deep. The pump was "two way". It pumped when it went down, and the water spurted

again as the pump came back up. The handles, twelve feet long, were removable, and were laid along the shaft for transportation. The fire engines were kept in the Town Hall.

195. The McDowell barn used to be where Dr. Smith lives. GY bought out Virgin and ran the stable there. He had a four seated "carry-all" with fringed top that could be rented for special occasions.
196. The Catholic Church stood on the corner where Porter's live on West Hickory Street. Their house was the parish house.
197. The Watch Night Service was watching the New Year in. They used to be strong on that, especially Rev. Wilson.
198. Oliver Metz was Dr. Lewis's tenant on the farm north of the High School for years.
199. At the political rallies the Republicans behaved themselves but it always seemed that fifty percent of the Democrats were drunk. They never tore down each other's poles, but had speeches and singing around their own. Once in a while there might be an argument on the edges of the crowd but it rarely ended in a fight.
200. Mrs. Hunter Lewis and daughter of Delaware: (See Lewis book)
201. John Kring Lane was the road out past the Township High School.
202. The little road from the John Kring Lane to the Catholic Cemetery was known as Half Mile Lane.
203. "Uncle" and "Auntie" was the affectionate form of address for loved older members of a community. Grandfather Beach was known as "Uncle Tommy" to everybody in town.
204. This is the Indian Mound on Percy James's River Farm.
205. Dr. Davies was the Presbyterian Minister here for nearly fifty years. He never married.
206. The night of the second Walton fire there had been two other fires proceeding. Logan and his father were up all night. Logan helped man the engine from the neighboring town, and they were sent to the back of the building. They got on the cellar door and the thing crashed through. They didn't put the fire out, but they at least kept it from spreading.
207. Gertrude McDowell was the daughter of John Will McDowell. She married Lou Henderson.
208. The Episcopalian Church was on the northwest corner of Ash and Fifth Streets. After the congregation grew too small to support it, it was town down and the foundation walls were used for the bungalow that was built there.
209. Hugh Robinson was Stanley Week's great-grandfather.

210. Cake Walks: Cakes placed on the floor, each one numbered. The crowd paid ten cents a-piece for a number. Then they formed a circle, joining hands, and walked around, with or without music, until signal was given by someone standing in the center, to stop. The lucky number was changed each time.
211. Robert Henning was Peggy Kring's maternal grandfather. As a lawyer he was notorious for throwing inkwells at his clients when he became enraged.
212. Cora Evans, now of the Blade Staff.
213. There never was a bunch of boys before or since like the ones that infested Fairbury at that time. They were especially jealous of the Pontiac boys, who were DRESSERS. They wore light plug hats and were regular Bean Brummels. Doctor Rayburn was the only Fairbury man who was dressy. Rufus Huntoon was quite dapper, and was very nice looking, though not a very large man. He wore a moustache, and was always immaculate. He was very active in the G.A.R.
214. East Hickory Street extended to the River, and was the IP McDowell Addition. Greggs, the family of Mrs. Logan Kring, lived there. There were houses on both sides clear to the river. There was no bridge but a ford. Perry McDowell lived where Dewey DeMoss lives. Addie and Joe were a couple of his children. A Skinner family owned the Harrington house originally. There were only four houses between Krings and the north side school house. IP McDowell lived in the Ed Kring house next to us. Johnny lived with him when he was first married, later moving into the Friedman house.
215. Hedges took the place of the pioneer fences, and then were pulled up along about the First World War
216. Mrs. Salman Allen was Ruby's mother, and Ella Beach Lewis's close friend. Her husband was much older than she, and had children by his first wife who were as old as she was.
217. The pioneers, having no radios, of course, apparently had an insatiable appetite for speeches, for they were contented to sit for hours on hard boards in the sun. They had been HARDENED by long sermons.
218. Elijah Love was Stanley Week's maternal grandfather.
219. Dr. Sam Barnes, the first Mayor of Incorporated Fairbury, put the town into debt by selling Municipal bonds to get an adequate water system.
220. Still keeping it in the family, Grant McDowell later started a bank of his own.
221. John Bodley was Patsey Bodley's great-grandfather. Logan Kring remembered that they once had a very dry spring. It was so dry that no one planted anything. At one of the services, Bodley was asked to pray for rain. His prayers were the kind that made you feel that you were in direct touch with God, and this time he made a particularly moving one. That night it just POURED. The next morning Bodley happened to come over to the greenhouse for some plants, and Logan remarked that his prayer had certainly brought results. "Yes," replied Bodley, "But I believe I overdone it".

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Frank Bell told this story: Bill Kelly, a red headed Irish Catholic who lived in Chatsworth, attended an old fashioned revival service in that town just to see what it was like. Word got around that Bill was going, and a man on the outside let a big bull snake in through the shutter and it crawled up on Bill's shoulder. He yelled and jumped up and down to knock the thing off, and the rest of the congregation thought he had got religion. They were glad enough to have an ordinary sinner converted, but a Catholic was really something remarkable. They all ran down to welcome him into the fold, some of the women jumping over the seats in the excitement. The local blacksmith was accidentally knocked down, and as he rolled, his head went under the stove, knocking down one of the legs, and his head caught under it. They had to prop it up to get him out.

222. Off Main Street there was no protection. If there was a fire in the out skirts of town, they commandeered the first team of horses they found to pull the cart, and then they would pull the top off the house well and put the hose down. There were six men on each side of the fire pump, and the stream it threw was not over fifty feet, and could not reach even to the second story. At the big fires the water turned to steam before it hit the fire. Walton's flour mill was five stories high.

On Main Street there was a cistern every block on the south side of the street, and they just stuck their fire hose down them. If the fire was bigger than the water supply, it was just too bad.

223.

Railroads

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The first railroad in Livingston County was the Chicago and Alton running through Pontiac. Everything possible about the road was of wood taken from the surrounding forests, bridges, trestle work and piles. Pontiac was just a wooding station for the engines, and remained so until coal was discovered in the late 1860's. Farmers brought their wood into the large woodshed along the tracks, and a two-band saw run by horse power in almost twenty-four hour service was the only "industry" in the hamlet at the time. It stripped the forests.

The second road in the county was known by several names. First called the Fairbury, Pontiac and Northwestern, it was called the Chicago Paduccah Road and it ran down Walnut Street. It was finally called the Wabash and ran thirty two miles from Fairbury to Streator. They began building in 1871 and the road was completed the following year.

The Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Railroad was built about the same time.

The Chicago and Paduccah organization built their road on the proverbial "shoestring" and fell in with more trouble than is the usual lot of mankind. The T.P.&W. got through the village first and it was necessary, in order to complete the road, to cross their tracks. Every attempt was met with an injunction. Finally, they waited until Sunday when the Court House in Pontiac was

closed and they couldn't get an injunction, to rush their tracks through Fairbury and run a train over them.

Their T.P.&W troubles had just started, however. Their funds were low and they were able to sell no stock in the vicinity except a little toward building a station. The men had to eat, so they charged stuff at the stores. To get their money, the merchants attached every bit of property belonging to the road, and they even garnished the freight bills before they could be collected. Quite naturally, the enmity became open and bitter, and neither side lost a bet to annoy the other. Finally, after a long dry spell on a very windy day, a train went bursting through the town at full speed with smoke and sparks pouring from the smokestack. When the train got to Forrest, the engineer looked back at the ball of smoke that hung over Fairbury and remarked that he set the whole town of Fairbury on fire as he came through. As a literal matter of fact he very nearly did. Eighteen stores burned that afternoon, only a fraction of their contents being saved, and the loss was estimated at \$75,000.00. Lawsuits were promptly started and were before the courts for six years but the business men never recovered damages.

The year that Illinois was legally organized, the legislature passed a bill for internal improvement at public expense. It was a suicidal law, for they promptly appropriated ten million dollars for a network of railroads all over the state, and work was actually commenced on them at various points. The scheme bankrupted the state, and for nineteen years Illinois paid neither the principal nor interest on the indebtedness. Emigrants avoided a state with such an encumbrance, thus, was lost one chief, source of ready money. There wasn't even a market for anything in the interior of the State, and they had to haul all their produce to Chicago, and they even drove their hogs there across the pathless prairie.

In the winter of 1855, the young railroads experienced the worse storm they had every known. Abraham Lincoln's train was stalled by the blizzard, and a Messenger was sent to Pontiac for help. The station agent went around among the citizens and asked for volunteers to go out to the stranded train with teams and sleds. The travelers were wrapped in bed blankets and taken to town where kind hearted people received them. Lincoln stayed with a lawyer. He wanted to pay for the hospitality, but they refused. So, at the train, he slipped a gold dollar into the hand of each of two little girls.

During this same storm, with its thirty below zero temperature and high winds, the trains were snowed in for several weeks. Food was furnished by the settlers, but in one case they had to resort to smashing the car seats to keep the fires burning.